

THE NEW PLAYS

"Tyranny of Love"
Hopelessly French.

By CHARLES DARTON

An American may quarrel with his wife, but he doesn't "offer" her to his best friend and then take her back after the recipient has accepted the offer. No, it's not being done this season, even in our worst regulated families.

But, amazingly enough, it was done at the Bijou Theatre yesterday afternoon in a so-called adaptation of a French play given the title of "The Tyranny of Love." While he was about it, Henry Baron might better have made merely a translation instead of changing the name of Paris to New York and changing the setting to the city of the future.

Until the moral lesson was upon the domestic tempest had its entertaining moments, with the husband carrying much the same amusing figure as his predecessor in "The Tyranny of Tears." His wife nagged him with affection, kept forever at his elbow and interfered with his work. He was perfectly willing to love her, but he didn't want to talk about it all the time. She could talk of nothing else. The wrangling of this unhappy pair provided good sport, but the later developments were extravagant to the degree of absurdity. Because his wife had taken his advice to be faithless, the doctor first thought of killing her, but finally felt an irresistible impulse to take her back. And this in America—never!

Cyril Keightley acted well as the distracted husband, and Estelle Winwood made an attractive wife, though it was impossible at times to understand what she said. In the thankless role of the obliging friend, Georges Plateau was as French as the play and equally ridiculous.

Doris Keane in
"Romance."

There has been no more welcome revival in years than that of "Romance," with Doris Keane, at the Playhouse.

After eight years, Edward Sheldon's play is as fresh as ever, a throbbing thing of the theatre to heighten the pulse and quicken one's sympathy. Odd as it may seem, the love of an Italian prima donna and a young actor makes a strong appeal. This is due largely to Miss Keane's vivid and fascinating impersonation of the opera singer, a truly brilliant performance. Last night she acted not only with all of her earlier charm and vivacity, but with a depth of feeling that often brought her to tears. She was adorable. Basil Sydney played the clergyman with romantic fervor; A. E. Anson gave admirable poise to the elderly patron of the singer and less "manner" than marked his original performance. And Florence Short was capital as the highly temperamental Italian servant. "Romance" comes back not as an old play, but as a new delight.

Fire in Old First Presbyterian Church.

Dense clouds of smoke issuing from an arched way in front of the famous old First Presbyterian Church, 12th Street and Fifth Avenue, this morning were caused by electric wires grounding and causing materials in the pipes that contained them to smoulder. An alarm was turned in, but by the time the fire department arrived the fire had burned itself out.

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is always welcome to the family that knows the dinner is good. A tasty sauce for a good dinner

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WISDOM

"Ah!" said the bride's young brother as he mailed the wedding invitations, "this looks like pretty good business for Ovington's."

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"The Gift Shop of 5th Ave"

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BROOKLYN
STRAND Black Beauty

LARRY SENON Comedy

LARRY SENON Comedy

LARRY SENON Comedy

Is Pianist With
One Hand, Leads
Band With Other

William Mengelberg, conductor of the National Symphony, has discovered the weak spot in the armor of American music patrons—their fondness for a new "stunt." When, therefore, at the orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon, Mr. Mengelberg, the Dutch suite No. 2, in B minor, played the piano part with one hand and led his men with the other, just as you have, often seen your old chieftain, the audience was quick to recognize the novelty of the occasion and Mr. Mengelberg became the hub of a wheel of enthusiastic applause. He also gave a fine reading of the Brahms' first symphony, the Dutch conductor's first attempt with this musical symphony. Mr. Mengelberg has now played something of all the greater composers, proving his scholarship and wide musical knowledge. Leopold Godowsky, one of the technical masters of the keyboard, was the impossible in the fourth Beethoven concerto. The audience after the performance remained to praise.

In the evening at the Metropolitan Opera House Michel Fokine and his wife, Vera Fokina, presented a programme of dances. Mr. Fokine is deservedly known as the creator of the modern ballet, and all the "business" of the popular "Le Coq d'Or," one of the delights of the Metropolitan's repertoire, is the product of Mr. Fokine's creative imagination.

This ability to originate had another demonstration last night in a new ballet, "The Dream of the Marquis," one of those stories where somebody falls asleep, dreams a fun comes to life, with the usual resultant chase and capture. Fokine, in a previous dance, had trained a musician in his leg and was greatly handicapped in the "dream." In fact, he almost fell through it, but his resourcefulness in improvising steps to suit the emergency and his gameness in continuing for he was in much pain, must be admired. The audience was large and waited while the dance was large and waited while the dancer was being massaged back to dancing life. The other numbers were bits that the two performers have given here before.

Herman Menth, a Viennese pianist, gave a recital in Aeolian Hall. He is an average player, showing flashes of poetry and real feeling. Harriette Scholer, also a pianist, who appeared in Aeolian Hall in the evening, has taste and an easy style to recommend her.

The Chicago Opera Company, at the Manhattan Opera House, presented the ever young "Barber of Seville" with Titta Ruffo, first baritone, in the title role. Mr. Ruffo romped through this role with a fine pair of lungs and the conventional dandy. His helpers were Florence Macbeth, American coloratura soprano, and a good one, and Tina Schipa, a tenor whose work is not always of even quality.

At the Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday evening, March 2, at 8:15 P. M. WILLIAM CHRISTIE TENOR.

AND DAUGHTER JULIANA, First Soprano.

TICKETS: TEL. FIVE-ROSE 3220, 31 to 32.

Management Johna Bros., 387 8th Ave.

39TH STREET THEATRE

TO-MORROW AFTERNOON AT 2:30.

YVETTE GUILBERT

LAST NIGHT

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LECTURES AT GLEN MORRIS.

Police Surgeon Donovan and Lieut.

Noonan Speak at Civic Club.

At an informal luncheon served at the Glen Morris Civic Club, Glen Morris, Richmond Hill, last night, Deputy Chief Surgeon Daniel J. Donovan of the Police Department and Lieut. John J. Noonan, of the Police Training School were the invited guests. Dr. Donovan spoke of the methods used to keep the police in good physical condition and told of the progress being made in that direction. Lieut. Noonan described the routine of the training period of new policemen and the methods used to keep the veterans up to the mark. Major Manthey, ex-president of the club, also delivered an address on the development of that section of Richmond Hill.

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